

Halloween (again) by the_angry_pixie

Series: [Starman Universe \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Mike Wheeler, Developing Relationship, Fluff and Humor, Gay Will Byers, Halloween, Halloween Costumes, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-18

Updated: 2018-05-18

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:49:48

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,064

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Another Halloween. Another Halloween costume.

[part of a series but can be read alone. You just need to know that Will and Mike are together, but its early days in their relationship]

Halloween (again)

Author's Note:

The people asked for it. And now you have it. Some fluff and fun for Mike and Will set after Starman. I hope you guys enjoy. I personally find this costume idea *hilarious*.

“No. Nooooooo.”

“Yes Dustin. This is happening.” Max was nodding emphatically.

“Will you *tricked us?!'*” Mike looked to his boyfriend aghast and betrayed.

“I did. I’m sorry darling. But I had to. This was too good an opportunity to pass up.” Will was laughing but trying to hold it in. He was enjoying this way too much. Practically hanging off El’s shoulder to stop from collapsing.

“We’re the fucking *Village People!!*” Dustin shouted. His eyes were still bugging as he looked around the room.

It was true. How had Mike not realised it. It was so fucking obvious now that he thought about it! Why had he just bought Will, El and Max’s story? Why had he not questioned their insistence not to

worry, that they had Halloween costumes *covered*.

Why had he just slipped on his cowboy boots with no questions asked? He'd never even dressed as a cowboy when he was a kid!!

Lucas slung a comforting arm around Dustin's shoulders. "Be grateful man! At least you get to be the Cop and not... whatever El is meant to be..."

El took this as a cue to turn and tip a wink at the two boys, the copious amounts of leather on her person creaking with the action. "Hopper tells me its called being a Leather Daddy" she said fingering at the chains hanging around her neck.

"Ew gross El! I do *not* need to know why Hopper knows that?!" Lucas cringed grabbing at his head as though to try and shake the thought loose.

"Wait! So you knew?! Why did Lucas get to know and not me?! I mean, I get Dustin because he can't keep a secret to save his life but what about me!" Mike demanded.

He saw Will approaching him in his periphery. "Because..." he felt hands cupping around his cheeks and he grudgingly met the shorter boys eyes. "... you would have freaked out. You would have overthought it and eventually chickened out. You know I'm right" Will was speaking so gently, it soothed Mike's frayed nerves and he felt his heartbeat calm down a notch.

“Maybe.” he grumped, to the apparent amusement of the young man standing in front of him. Will smiled at him and pecked him on the lips briefly before sliding under his arm. Mike felt himself calm even further as he squeezed him to his side, enjoying his familiar warmth.

They looked over to where Dustin was still looking as sulky as Mike felt.

He was sitting on the couch now, grumbling to his knees. “I’m not that bad at keeping secrets...”

“C’mon buddy. Even *I* was need-to-know basis. The girls—”

“Hey!”

“—ugh fine! The girls and *Will* weren’t able to get any Army Man clothes. They needed to know if I could dress in my Dad’s old uniform.” Lucas was still trying to comfort his friend. Hand clutched around his upper-arm and squeezing.

“Yeeaaaah. C’mon pre-party buddy!” Max said kneeling down in front of the teen and leaning on his knees. “Dry your eyes, untwist your panties and come do some shots with me.”

“Yeah and when you’re done, report to my room. We have *a lot* of body glitter to apply before we’ll be ready to go!” El clapped her hands happily before grabbing Lucas’ arm and pulling him towards her bedroom.

Max was doing the same to Dustin, only towards the kitchen and the bottle of peppermint schnapps she'd stored in the freezer earlier. Although Dustin was dragging his feet, he seemed at least a little more enthused about the idea of alcohol.

Meanwhile Mike turned himself so he was now facing Will. His arms easily settling around his waist. Like a lock clicking into place.

"Body glitter huh?" he murmured. Trying to cover his nerves with humour.

"Mmhmm" Will smiled that little close-mouthed smile of his. "We have to highlight..." his nimble fingers were pinching at Mike's flannel shirt, pulling buttons from their holes, "all your..." the material slowly parted until the buttons all the way down to his belt-buckle were undone "...assets." Will smirked, running his hands across Mike's chest. Eyes catching his as they sparkled impishly.

"Yeah but are you sure about this?" Mike's hands came up to clutch around Will's, halting their ministrations. His eyes burned seriously. As much as he tried he could not bring himself to just *join in* on Will's teasing. "Isn't it a little... *obvious*?"

The teen in front of him huffed, meeting his gaze. "A little obviously what Michael? A little obviously *gay*?"

Mike scrunched up his nose. "Well... yeah... I guess so."

Will was giving him that look. That look he always gave him when he wanted to laugh at Mike but was holding himself back.

“Seriously Mike. Don’t *worry* so much. Nobody is going to care. If anything, they will find it funny! I mean, it *IS* funny! Especially after we finish applying all the fake moustaches! El is going to look hilarious!”

“I don’t want to look hilarious...” Mike bemoaned quietly, imagining all the people staring. Whispering. Wondering. “I don’t want people looking at me at all!”

“Yes you do!” Will snapped, his tone almost sounding scolding. “This could be our last Halloween altogether for a long, long time. We’ll all be at college next year. We need to make tonight special. We need to do this together. As a group! Fuck what anyone else thinks!”

His voice was sounding earnest now and his fingers were curling around Mike’s chin authoritatively, giving him nowhere to look but into his sea green eyes.

“Say it with me now Wheeler! *Fuck what anyone else thinks!*”

He was staring silently at Mike. He obviously required an answer.

“Fuck what anyone else thinks.” Mike muttered halfheartedly.

"Fuck what anyone else thinks!!" Will demanded again, his fingers clenching around Mike's jaw. And he just looked so cute, his face all determined and stubborn.

"FUCK what anyone else thinks!" Mike announced with more gusto, chuckling as he enjoyed the smile that broke across Will's face like a sunrise.

"I STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEELER! CALL YOURSELF A COWBOY?!" Will was absolutely bellowing now. His other hand coming up so he could shake Mike's head from side to side enthusiastically. "ONE MORE TIME FOR THE PEOPLE DOWN THE STREET!! FUCK WHAT ANYONE ELSE THINKS!!!"

"FUCK WHAT ANYONE ELSE THINKS!!!" they both crowed in unison breaking down into giggles as they heard the cheers coming from the kitchen and El's bedroom and the token protests about *"language"* coming from Mrs Byers' room.

"Sorry Mom!" Will responded through his giggles as he fell against Mike trying to muffle his laughter into his chest. Mike held him close, sniggering into his hair.

They stayed that way until they both calmed down.

"Do you feel better?" Will sighed his hands rubbing up and down Mike's back, not moving from his spot nuzzled against Mike's collarbone. Not that he was complaining.

"Yeah I guess I do..." Mike admitted "... it's just..."

"What now?" Will questioned, leaning away again to stare up at Mike impatiently.

"Well... did it have to be *The Village People*?? Seventies disco-pop is sooooo gay. Like, we couldn't have been more gay even if we went as ABBA."

Will gazed at him fondly for a moment shaking his head gently from side to side. But then he stepped close once more, his hand resuming its journey back and forth across Mike's chest. "I hate to break it to you sweetie..." he whispered conspiratorially, "but we are *gay as hell*. All those times where you put your you-know-what in my you-know-where... that was really, really gay. And how bout those other times when I put my you-know-what in your--"

"--okay okay I get it! You've made your point!"

To this Will just chuckled. Which kind of irritated Mike further.

"You know I'm allowed to be worried about things like this?? I'm still not used to all this. I'm allowed to be... I dunno *anxious*" he murmured petulantly to the top of Will's head.

This caught the shorter boy's attention. He looked up at Mike with

those huge eyes of his. His hand fluttered up to Mike's chin as he leaned up and pecked him again.

"I know that honey. You think I call you all these pet names because I actually think you are *sweet*? You're not. You're a bad tempered prickly cactus and I *adore* that about you. But I'm just trying to get you more comfortable with these things. Comfortable with *us*. Baby steps. Is that ok?"

Mike thought on that for awhile. Ever since they had officially gotten together he had loved every moment that they spent *alone*. He'd never been more happy. He had Will all to himself and they were, to put it simply, without limits. Will let him kiss him as much as he wanted, touch him as much as he wanted. Seemed to enjoy it and encourage it. It was fucking fantastic.

But even Mike could admit, he was still antsy when they were around others. Even their friends, who knew all about their relationship. He knew it stung Will a bit every time he would gravitate as far away as possible when he thought other people outside of their circle were watching. When he would shrug out of a hug, or instinctively shush Will when he would whisper something ridiculously sweet in his ear. He'd been trying hard, *really hard* to not care as much. But it was a journey, a process. Maybe he just had to think of tonight as one more step.

"Of course" he sighed leaning their foreheads together. "I can be comfortable. I can be cool. You know me, *cool as a cucumber*. That's me."

Will snorted with laughter but his hands retreated as he stepped back, sliding down to grasp both of Mike's hands.

"I know you will be. *Besides*, not everything is about *you!*" he swung their arms back and forth childishly. "*I* have to beat *my* costume efforts of last year. MORE GAY! That's my motto."

"I don't think you're going to have to worry about that. Not in those jeans." Mike murmured, eyeing the clothing item in question. They really were ridiculously tight. He's pretty sure no construction worker anywhere EVER had worn jeans like that before. He had to admit though, he liked the way the tool-belt looked clipped to Will's hips. And the way none of these so-called "Village People" seemed to know how shirt buttons worked.

"Oh you like these?" Will said twirling slowly, tools clinking gently. "Well *good* cause they're really uncomfortable. Especially with the semi you're giving me at the sight of you in those chaps."

"Will...!" Mike exclaimed blushing. He was still not quite used to Will just *saying* stuff to him like that.

"Miiiiike?" Will inquired innocently as he slid back into Mike's space, arms winding around his waist snugly.

"Nothing" Mike capitulated with a sigh. "I love you I guess" with a smile he leaned in to push his lips against Will's. Not allowing his brain to think about Max and Dustin in the kitchen just one room over. Or Lucas and El just two rooms away. He was *here*. And Will was here, and all he needed to do was enjoy this moment and the little contented sigh that Will pressed against his mouth.

"I'm just saying. I think we could have done better than giving the Indian to the *whitest* person in our group. That seems wrong somehow." Dustin's obnoxiously loud voice approached from the direction of the kitchen.

"Fuck you Dustin! I'm part-Wintu on my Dad's side! So suck my hairy ones!" And there was Dustin's twin. Loud. Obnoxious-when-drunk. Max.

With controlled dignity, careful to not seem like he was retreating due to embarrassment (though that did still bubble away inside him) Mike pulled from the kiss to witness Max adjusting her feather headdress as she and Dustin re-entered the loungeroom, arms around each others shoulders despite their quarrelling.

Mike couldn't help chuckling as he watched them.

"Hey" a voice whispered followed by a quick nip to the underside of his jaw. He turned his face to Will. To his *boyfriend*. "I guess I love you too" was all he said as he grinned, his eyes beaming. "Now come on, El promised she would draw some abs on me in body glitter."

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed. Please let me know what you thought. And for the youngens who may be among us. Here is a photo of the [Village People](#). And yes, they were very very gay. ;)